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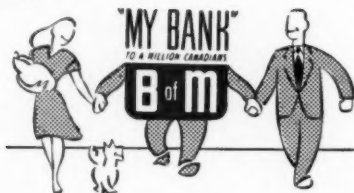
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Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbours.

Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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JUNE, 1951

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Cover Picture: The Newfoundland Flying Club, with headquarters at Torbay Airport, is helping many a young Newfoundlander to follow in the footsteps of the pioneers of the air. R.C.A.F. Cadet Sgt. Bernard Jones, shown at right with N.F.C. Manager-Instructor John F. Barton looking on, was the first student pilot to get his wings. Club activities, which officially began on June 24th, 1950, are now in full swing, backed by enthusiastic citizens who subscribe from \$10 per year as ordinary members to \$100 life membership and the Department of National Defence which awards scholarships to air-minded cadets.

(R.C.N. Photo).



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by BRIAN CAHILL

● Received a letter this month from a girl who went to college with us.

(When we pridefully reached out of a conversation at the Press Club the other day and dragged this fact in, we were somewhat hurt to have it received with disbelief and even hilarity.

("Gwan, ya schmo!" said the editor of the literature and poetry section of a well-known weekly: "When'id you ever go to collich?")

("And," said a chubby-faced young crime reporter, "even if we accept the proposition that some institution of higher learning, at some time in the past, so far lowered its standards as to enroll you among its students, there still remains a flaw in your statement."

("Yeah?" we said.

("Why yes," he went on. "If your statement is to be at all accurate it should say you received a letter from an old lady who went to college with you."

(When peace had been restored we explained to the editor that we had, for one year, drunk reasonably deep of the Pierian Spring at Memorial University College, St. John's. We

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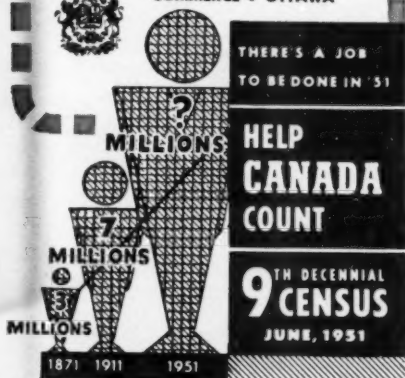
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said that we understood the college had survived the experience and has now been elevated to the status of a university.

(And in the interest of chivalry we explained to the young reporter that this event took place at a fairly late stage in our life—we had by then acquired a wife, two tax exemptions and a part-time taxi and life insurance business—and that most of our fellow students were so much younger than ourselves that even today many of the beautiful young things who distracted our studies may quite accurately be described as girls.)

So, we repeat firmly, we have a letter this month from a girl who went to college with us.

She is Miss Jane Clouston, R.N. and her purpose in writing is not, we hasten to say, to recall a tender moment together in the Chemistry lab or anything like that, but to ask when we are going to publish in Atlantic Guardian some articles about Cow Head and the coast about that settlement in the St. Barbe District of Newfoundland.

Miss Clouston a former St. John's girl, is now District Nurse at Cow Head and likes the area very much.

She says in part:

"I was a real St. John's or city gal and I had no idea what the Newfoundland people were really like. I had always regarded the outport people with a sort of superior pride, because I was brought up in St. John's which I thought was the most Newfoundland place in Newfoundland. I still think a lot of St. John's but I know that a year on this coast has made a lot of difference in my way of thinking.

"I could go into a lot of reasons why the Atlantic Guardian should take an interest in this part of the

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

coast . . . In a way I think that late Spring and early Summer is about the best time; Although Christmas, which is kept as a twelve-day holiday, is certainly one time in the year when everyone forgets work and concentrates on having a lot of fun.

"However in the spring and summer lobster fishing is in full swing, everyone is working putting in their gardens, boats are coming back and forth and everything is alive. That sounds funny I know, but in the fall and winter most of the men are away working in the lumber woods and life is much quieter."

Beating down the temptation to try and make something low out of that last sentence we pass on to a paragraph in which our little college chum seems to suggest that we use our influence to get a bridge put across St. Paul's Narrows near Cow Head.

"This winter travelling has been almost impossible because the rivers and bays were not frozen enough to allow teams, let alone snowmobiles, to get back and forth," she says. "Dr. Murphy managed to get as far as St. Paul's, which is only five miles away but because the bay wasn't frozen he couldn't come on any further. If St. Paul's Narrows were bridged we could travel easily four months or more up and down the coast without any trouble."

We have issued instructions that some articles be written forthwith about that section of Newfoundland.

Also we are going to look into this matter of bridging St. Paul's Narrows. Next time we catch Joey standing still for a second we'll put it right up to him. And if he does not want to lose the support of the educated classes he had better do something about it too.

● Here is an interesting picture sent



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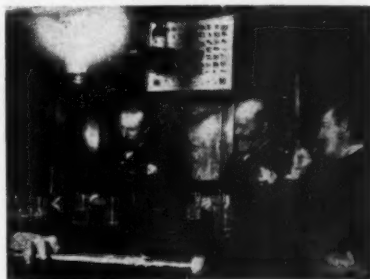
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to us by Richard F. Watson of Baltimore, Maryland.



This was made from a very old photo and reproduction may not be so good. Mr. Watson says it was taken aboard the old sealer Eagle back in 1897. He read about the "funeral" of the Eagle in Atlantic Guardian and thought we might like to have the picture. It shows the cabin of the Eagle which was then commanded by Captain Arthur Jackman. Seated about the table, watching Captain Jackman doing some card tricks, are "Fred Hayward of Bowring's office, Ellis Watson, superintendent of the wharf and a younger gentleman, probably one of the executives but unknown to me. Could it be Mr. Eric Bowring?"

Perhaps one of our readers could help Mr. Watson with the identity of the fourth man.

Incidentally, in a post-script to his note, he also wants to know "can anyone inform me what became of the Hector, one of Job's sealers?"

● Here is a letter which seems to call for printing in full. It is from Mrs. Jessie Greenland, Allston, Mass., and we would like to have readers reaction to her suggestion:

"Dear Editor:

"Since my return from a visit

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

to Newfoundland last September I have been thinking what a fine thing it would be if we could form a letter column in the Atlantic Guardian.

"I am quite sure there are many, many others who have trekked their way back home who could write and tell about the pleasures of being "home" once again. I am a native of Green Bay and I believe we have the most gorgeous scenery that can be found in Newfoundland. The islands, the harbors, the hills, my, what nostalgic memories.

It takes but a few hours to destroy a forest. It takes half a century to bring it back. So, invest a couple of minutes of care to prevent a blackened wilderness. Stamp out fires in the woods.

"Just to go 'up the road', in over the Church Hill, down over Gravel Hill — the road with the Alder beds on one side, the gardens on the other all planted with cabbage, turnip and potatoes.

"Then the visit with some dear friend of my youth, and of course that same cup of tea with part-ridge berry or black currant jam and home-made bread and cake.

"The world with all its cares and worries forgotten — peace and serenity so pronounced.

"Then to Church or the 'Bar-racks' on Sunday. The Lord's goodness acknowledged. The prayers of the faithful ascending on high. Believe me there is not another feeling in the universe can compare with 'going back home'.



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"Enclosed are some snap shots taken last summer.



(We reproduce herewith one of the snapshots enclosed. Mrs. Greenland says it is a load of codfish brought in from "The Folly" in Long Tickle. Ed.)

"Trusting that we shall form a letter club—and the very best wishes to the editor and staff of Atlantic Guardian.

I remain
Cordially Yours."

Brian Cahill

(All communications intended for Guardian Angles should be addressed to Brian Cahill, in care of Atlantic Guardian, 1500 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal, P. Q.)

JUNE, 1951

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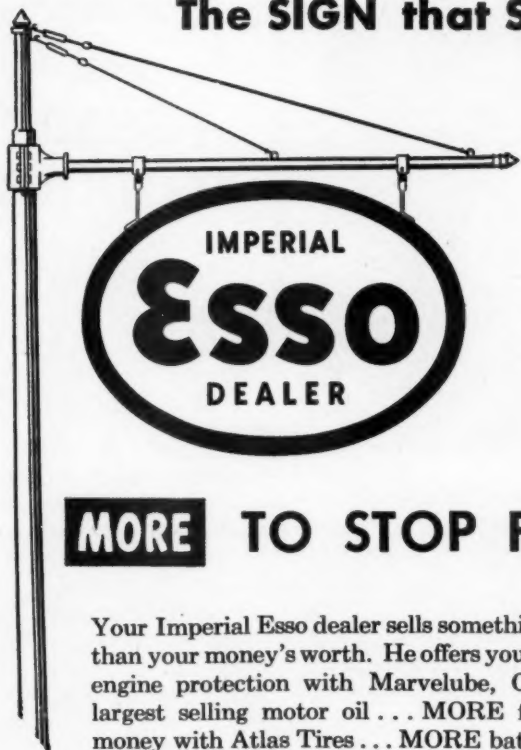


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● ATLANTIC GUARDIAN COMES HOME

JUST six and one-half years ago Atlantic Guardian made its debut, proclaiming itself "The Magazine of Newfoundland" published with the aim of "making Newfoundland better known at home and abroad". Its first publishing "office" was in a Montreal apartment, and everything else connected with it was correspondingly modest—especially the capital behind it.

But the magazine quickly caught the interest not only of Newfoundlanders at home but of thousands of exiles from the "old sod" in North America and elsewhere. Soon it became well established and its appearance every month was an accepted fact. The only lament readers had was that "The Magazine of Newfoundland" was centered so far away from the home scene. And even when it was moved east to Sackville, N. B. to be printed, in 1948, subscribers sighed for the day when it would be brought the whole way back to Newfoundland.

That day has finally arrived. Atlantic Guardian has come home. This issue is the last one that will be printed on the mainland. The publishing enterprise that has been built up around Atlantic Guardian now has its own printing establishment in St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland. And it is from here that the July issue will be published.

Thus Atlantic Guardian becomes truly the magazine of Newfoundland. In size and appearance it will be much the same as before, and there will be no change in its policy of being a show-window for Newfoundland.

In the next issue, which will be a special "Welcome Home" one, the complete story of how the magazine came to be published and how it has grown through the years will be told for the first time. A description of its new Newfoundland home and its allied enterprises will also be given.

In July, 1951, Atlantic Guardian, the magazine that carried the voice of Newfoundland abroad, comes home—for good.

● AID FOR ARTS AND LETTERS

HISTORIANS have recorded the harshness of the struggle which many generations of Newfoundlanders have had to establish and maintain their homes. The elements, the authorities, pirates, French invaders, the upsets of an unbalanced economy, all contributed to make the story of Newfoundland one of "retarded colonisation".

Inevitably, in a country where it was so difficult for so long to make both ends meet, there was little time for leisure, and the creative arts of literature, painting and music. That is not to say that Newfoundlanders were uncreative, unartistic—far from it. There is ample

evidence of a native culture of a high order, but which needed the amenities offered by a stable economic period, the leisure, opportunity and training, to flower into an effective self-expression.

A few more fortunate individuals, because of their social position and surroundings, plus a great number of the clergy of all denominations, did in the past hundred years or so produce a small but competent body of material, mostly poetic, and this has been added to in the past quarter of a century, by a growing group of artistic individuals, which has come to include not a few able painters, but so far few, if any, creative musicians.

Impetus has been given in the past twenty years by various organizations, private individuals and business houses. In the literary field, the establishment of the O'Leary Newfoundland Poetry Award in 1944, will be regarded as a landmark, in that it was the first attempt to set up an annual reward for poetic efforts. Since its inception, the firm of F. M. O'Leary, Ltd., which publicized the Award through its "Barrelman" radio program and its paper "The Newfoundlander", has awarded about twelve hundred dollars to successful authors all over Newfoundland. In fact the "O'Leary Newfoundland Poetry Award" will be remembered as the first effort by anyone to establish an annual award for Newfoundlanders in any artistic field.

In the realm of painting, the St. John's Art Club, several years ago, took up the task of carrying on the attempt to establish creative painting in its proper place in the life of Newfoundland. This organization has staged several very successful exhibitions of paintings of Newfoundland and by Newfoundlanders and visitors. The public has become gradually interested in these efforts, and many artists have been able to sell their work, at very good prices, during these exhibitions.

It was felt by many that government should be persuaded to take an interest in fostering the development of the Arts and Letters, by establishing annual awards which might inspire further efforts in the fields already mentioned, and in fields otherwise neglected. It is very gratifying to see that such is at length being done. The Provincial Government, through the Department of Education, has announced several awards, covering almost every field embraced by the terms "Arts and Letters". Poets, short story writers, painters, playwrights, radio script-writers, and historians are invited to enter into competition for several substantial awards, totalling about two thousand dollars in 1951.

Many people, who have striven so long to have such an opportunity offered to people of artistic and literary ability, will feel that at last the "wheel has come full circle". Whatever their shade of political opinion, it will be readily admitted by most people interested in the development of a Newfoundland art and literature, that this move is a firm step in the right direction.

—Contributed.



THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS AND LETTERS, ETC.

While due recognition is given to those firms and individuals who are encouraging cultural activities in this province, the Provincial Government, in an endeavour to broaden the scope of activities and develop a greater interest in the Arts and Letters, etc., is offering the following awards this year. The interest shown and the results achieved will determine in some measure whether the awards shall continue on an annual basis.

- (a) For the best Historical account of hitherto neglected periods of our island history. Length 8,000-10,000 words. Award \$500—Second Choice \$200.
- (b) For the best original poem. Award \$200—Second Choice \$100.
- (c) For the best Short Story—5,000 words. Award \$200—Second Choice \$100.
- (d) For the best Portrait Painting. Minimum size 12 x 20 ins. Award \$200—Second Choice \$100.
- (e) For the best Landscape or Mural Setting. Minimum size 12 x 20 ins. Award \$200—Second Choice \$100.
- (f) For the best script—Musical or Literary—adapted for radio presentation. Time of presentation 30 minutes. Award \$200—Second Choice \$100.
- (g) For the best Play written and/or produced. Time of production 1½ hours (minimum). Award \$200—Second Choice \$100.

All work should be submitted on or before December 31, 1951, to the Minister of Education.

All manuscripts should be typed, and paintings could be entered at the annual Art Exhibition.

Arrangements for judging the various entries would be made by the Government.

No awards would be made where the entries submitted did not in the opinion of the appointed judges merit recognition.

S. J. HEFFERTON,
Minister of Education.

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by ISABEL SCOTT CORBETT

YOU know, of all the things I've done in me life, runnin' that passenger boat was the one I enjoyed the mos'. Twuddin hard work, I had a nice little boat, and I was constant meetin' all kinds of people. An' I always did like to have a yarn with the comers and goers. Most times they was people I'd a knowed all me life, with a few travellin' salesmen, eye doctors and the like.

But mostly I used to like to see the young ones what had been away, to see what they'd be like when they come home. Some of them would go away for a few months, and they'd come back and wouldn't know the cat. There was one young maiden went in service with a woman up to Exploits one winter, and when I landed her on her father's stage-head the next spring, she looked at a bucket of caplin and said,

"What are those little fishes, Mr. Wesley?"

"Dem's whales, Miss," I said to her, and she never had no use fer me after that.

Now Elsie Strange, she was different from that. I minds the night I picked her up offa the train at Lewisporte. Twas pitch dark and rainin' showers. She'd come from Toronto where she'd been nursin' and I was 'lowin' she might be wishin' herself back there, when she comes off with,

"Oh isn't that rain lovely and fresh!"

"I'm glad you feels that way about it," I says. "You'm liable to get plenty of it in Come Again."

"It's so refreshing after the heat of Toronto," she said. "It was so

As Loved Our Fathers

Elsie Strange came home from Toronto on a holiday, never dreaming that it was to be a one-way trip.

hot and humid there, day after day. Oh it's good to be home again."

"D'ye want to stay the night in the hotel, miss?" I asks her. "We'll be leavin' early in the morning, and I'll give ye a call?"

"Could I sleep aboard your boat?" she inquired.

"That you can, and welcome," says I, and I light her down the wharf with me lantern to where the Daisy May was tied up. The lungers was slippery with the wet, but she lepped aboard like 'twas only yesterday she was home instead of six or seven year.

I give her one of the bunks, and wrapped a blanket around her, and she went to sleep as if she'd been in a feather bed. I didn't put up any fancy accommodation, but there was the bunks and the blankets for them that wanted,

and the cabin was as clean as the old woman could scrub 'un out.

We always got under way be dawnin', because the trip took the best part of the day. The rain had stopped be then, and it looked to be a fine day. We pulled away from the wharf, and was just steamin' out the bay, when up comes Elsie Strange.

"You'm up bright and early this morning," I says, "You could've slepted for another spell."

"I didn't want to miss any of it," says she, "I've always loved this trip through the run, and it's a long time since I've seen it."

Now, be daylight I could see her better, and I noticed she didn't have much color in her face, and was thinner than when she was home.

"You bin sick," I asks.

"N-no. Just tired. I've been working hard, and this summer was particularly hot. That humidity gets you down after a while."

"Wait till you gets some good Newfoundland air mixed up with the smell of fish and spruce buds, and eats some of yer ma's good cookin and you'll be all right," says I. "Here, don't sit down in that wet." I spread a piece of canvas on the top of the cabin, and she got on that, and settled away to enjoy the scenery when the rest of the passengers commenced to show up.

Elsie glanced over them, then sot up quick, and held out her hand.

"Why, Jimmie Lang," says she, "Where did you drop from?"

"On the way home for a holiday before I start on my new circuit," says he.

I was at the wheel, watchin'

where I was goin, but I was takin' in what was happenin' just the same. I minded how them two went around together when they was goin' to school. Then he went in to the ministry, and the first year he come home for his holidays, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He wore his dog collar all the time, and acted like he was afraid to get his hands dirty for fear it wouldn't wash off. I don't rightly know what happened between them that year, but they broke up. Seems Elsie said she wasn't cut out to be a minister's wife, and besides she didn't want to live in a Newfoundland outport the rest of her life; she wanted to go out and see the world.

Lookin' at the Rev. Lang now, I thought to meself that he was changed for the better. He'd bin to college since then, and sometimes it seems that the more education a man got, the more natural he acts. He'd been given a good name down on the French Shore where he'd been preachin', and was thought well of, so I heard. He had on one o' them sport shirts with the neck open, and looked less like a parson than I ever see him. Maybe that was why Elsie remarked in some surprise,

"Are you still in the ministry?"

"Yes, of course I was ordained last year."

"Married?" she queried. "As I remember, in Newfoundland marriage follows pretty closely on ordination."

"It didn't in my case," he told her, "I've been pretty busy. I shall have to take some time off for that. I might concentrate on it in my summer holidays." His color rose a little, and I thinks to

A. G. Picture Quiz ??

It's Epworth, No Doubt!



In our February issue we ran the above picture asking readers to identify it. The copies weren't long in the mail when a telegram arrived from C. Forsey, Grand Bank, naming the place as Epworth, Burin, formerly Spoon Cove. This was followed by a flood of mailed replies all of which said the same thing: the place featured was Epworth.

Among the correspondents who supplied further information was Mrs. Kyle Inkpen of Lewin's Cove, Burin, who advised us that the stores in the foreground were owned by a family named Goddard who moved to Alberta years ago. I. M. Reeves, writing from London, England, said the premises pictured "belonged to my uncle, the late G. M. Goddard". J. S. Clarke of Creston, P. B., wrote to say that the picture of Epworth was taken about 40 years ago as "my father was fishing out of the place at the time". And Malcolm Manning, writing from Epworth itself, says that the place has greatly changed since the photo was taken. He points out that Epworth is situated about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Burin Harbor, adding that it is a good place for shipping but not much used nowadays as the customs house and other port facilities are at Burin.

Since all votes received were cast in favor of Epworth, we'll file the picture under that name. As was pointed out previously, it came to us from a very old collection of photographs and without any identification. Should any of our readers have a good picture of Epworth as it is today we'd be glad to publish it.

meself I'm seein' the beginnin' of a little fun. "Are you staying in Newfoundland long," he asks her.

"No," she snaps at him, "Just a short holiday," and she turns around and commences to study the scenery, and he come back aft, and struck up a yarn with me.

The boys had been down in the forecastle gettin' breakfast, an' about then things was pretty well to rights. And this was what made me think about Elsie in the first place. She took a couple of sniffs. "Caplin!" says she. "Uncle Enoch, can I have some caplin?"

"That you can," says I, and just then John Henry shoves his head up and bawls out, "Kettle's boiled, Skipper."

"I'll take the wheel for you while you eat your breakfast," offers the Rev. Jimmie.

"Can I come?" asks Elsie, all aglow.

"Wal now," says I, "I don't provide meals aboard a this one. The passengers is supposed to bring their own lunches. But seein' you come from Toronto, I don't 'low you got anything to eat by this time, and I couldn't let a daughter of Skipper Peter starve aboard 'o we, so you kin come," and with that down she went.

"My, that tea smells good," says she.

"You can't smell tea," says I, "not without 'tis boiled, which I hope this didn't."

"I don't boil me tea," says John Henry, hurt like. "I keep it on the damper there. We ain't got no milk though."

"I don't mind," and with that she commenced to put the grub into her. She was chawin' up the caplin, and eatin' some of the

missus' loaf, sayin' "I haven't tasted anything like this since I left home."

"Help yourself," says I, "Don't make strange."

The once she sot back and looked at me with a twinkle in her eye. "I know you won't believe me, Uncle Enoch, when I tell you I had lost my appetite, and couldn't be bothered with food all summer."

"Considerin' the caplin you've put away to say nothin' of the loaf and tea I couldn't be blamed for sayin' I didn't. But I 'lows your appetite 'll come back once you're home. Ain't never seen no Newfoundlanders but what could eat three square meals a day, and a few mugs in between."

"I got to get back up to the wheel," says I, "We're gettin' in among the islands, and that young feller's liable to put her ashore. You just eat up all you wants, me maid, so long as the grub lasts," and I left her sittin' on the bench beside the three cornered table, still takin' it aboard.

I took the wheel, but Jimmie didn't go down the forecastle. I 'low he wasn't hankerin' after no caplin, after spendin' the last few years on the French Shore.

The once Elsie come back up on deck, and got back on the piece of canvas, and Jimmie mooched over alongside. There was some more passengers sittin' and lyin' around, and we stopped in several places to let off passengers, and take on some more. The sun had come up bright and was sparklin' along the water, and by the time we got in the run, 'twas a beautiful fine day. Many's the time I bin through Dildo Run, you got to know your

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way, to pilot a boat through there. Not that you got to know all the rocks, all you got to know is where there iddin' any, and keep to that channel. But so many's a time as I bin through I never gets tired lookin' at the beauty of it.

There's hundreds of islands, big and little, some just rocks with a few blackberry bushes on 'em, others with grassy spots, and some of the bigger ones with spruce woods clear to the water's edge. You wind in and out of the channels around and around, and I s'pose to anyone who didn't know the way it would seem as though we'd never get out of it, and on a bright lazy day most of 'em don't care. There's never much talkin' done, the passengers just sits and looks. There's lots of people thinks Newfoundlanders don't appreciate beauty, but I only says they should take a passenger boat through Dildo Run, and watch the people, and they'd know the difference of that. I iddin' much for describin' things, but I kin feel 'em, and that's like a good many more around these parts.

The once Elsie come back aft. "I haven't asked about anyone," says she, "How are Aunt Matilda and Pearl?"

"The missus is well, without 'tis once in a while she gets a crick in her back from rheumatism. You knowed Pearl got married."

"Yes, I've heard from her occasionally, but not lately." Elsie and me daughter Pearl had bin to school together, and was always good friends.

"Pearl's husband is gone to the Labrador this summer, so Pearl moved in with the missus and me, bein' as how she is in a family

way again. This is her second."

"Poor Pearl," says Elsie, pitying like.

"She iddin' poor," says I, "Jack is doin' well, an' they got their own house build now, and Jack got his schooner pretty well paid for."

"And she has a good husband and a lovely child. She is happy and content. Pearl is to be envied, not pitied," put in Jimmie, who had moseyed along behind her.

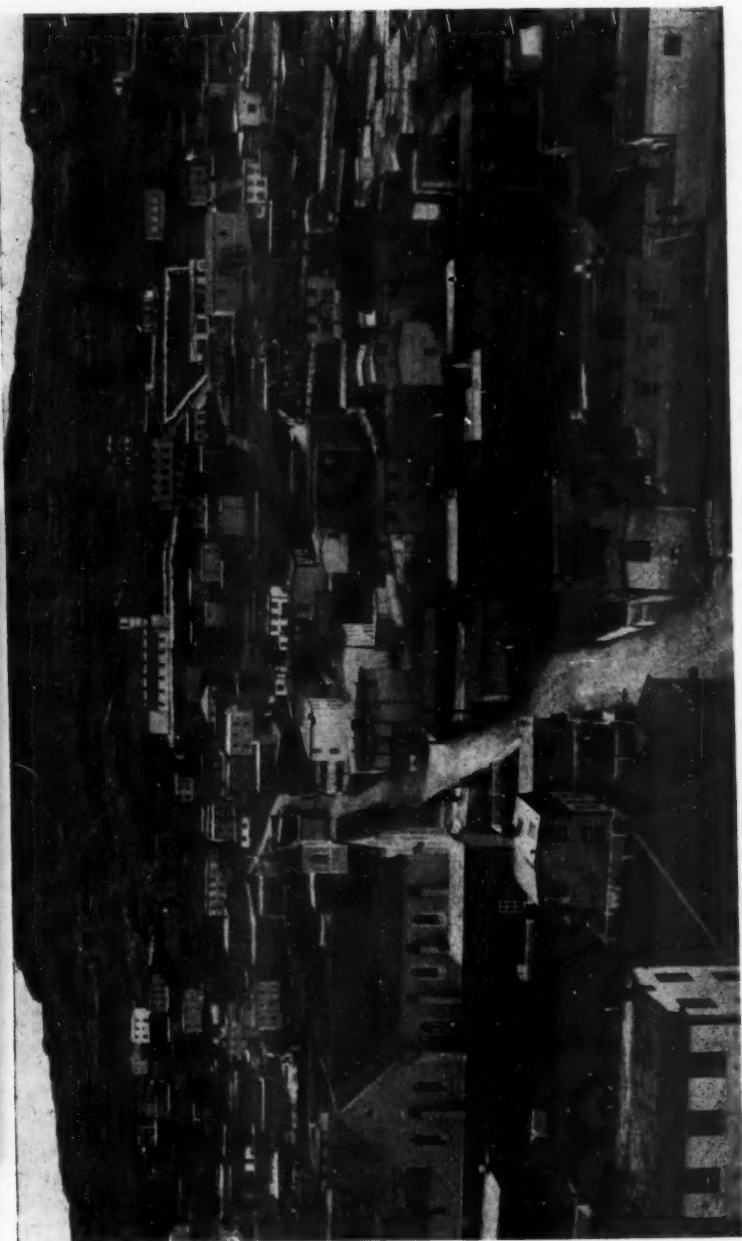
"Still holding the torch for home and family," says she sharply. "And still thinking there's no place in the world like Newfoundland, I suppose. You would pity the career girl from the mainland, I expect."

"Perhaps," said he with a little smile, "Newfoundland is a good place. You said so yourself a few minutes ago," he reminded her.

"For a holiday, yes; to live, no. I couldn't come back to stay, ever," she finished definitely, and went back to her spot on the cabin.

Jimmie stood there looking like she'd give him a smack in the mouth. Thinks I to meself, he ain't never got over Elsie Strange, but it seems she ain't got no use for him. Then he says low to me, "Uncle Enoch, sometimes I'm tempted to get a transfer to the mainland. But I have a place here, I'm needed. I can minister to my people in a way a stranger to the country couldn't. I don't know . . ." His voice trailed off, and his eyes followed Elsie, but he stayed where he was, just leanin' against the door of the wheel-house, lookin' out to sea.

Bein' away most of the time, I didn't see much of either of them



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the next couple of weeks, but the missus said they was together a nice bit. Bein' the only two with nothin' to do, you might say, I suppose that was natural.

Then one morning I was at Skipper George's door 'fore daylight for Aunt Sallie, who was the nurse, or granny as she was called, for Come Again. Elsie come by her nursin' ability natural, for Aunt Sallie was one of the best nurses around, and never a bit of training did she have, only what she picked up. Many's the baby she borned in Come Again, and she was called for other sicknesses as well, and accidents too, and always seemed to know what to do, and I'd as soon have her for Pearl as a doctor any day, even if a doctor was handy, which there wasn't.

She put her big white apron in her carpet bag, tied a square around her head, and come on around the harbor with me.

But at six o'clock in the mornin' I was back to Skipper George's again. Skipper George was out be the choppin' block, cleavin' splits.

"Aunt Sallie wants Elsie," I says. Skipper George drops the axe and went in the house, and the once Elsie come out, lookin' sleepy.

"Your ma sond me fer ya, Elsie," I says. "I don't rightly know what fer, but she said something about the little foot bein' down."

"A breech!" says she, "But, I couldn't. I've never delivered a case in my life. I've only helped the doctor."

"Ye've seen 'em, ain't ya," says Skipper George, "I 'low yer ma ain't, er she wouldn't be sendin'

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fer ya. Do what ye can, my maid, in time of need."

She took a long breath. "I'll come," says she.

Goin' around the harbor, I took notice that she had more flesh on her bones than when I brought her home, and the sun and the sea winds had done away with the sickly look she had when she come from the city. I was tarmented about Pearl, and didn't make no talk, and Elsie had the full of her hands keepin' up with me. When we come abreast of the house, I sees the missus be the upstairs window. She wove her hand, and Elsie took to her heels, and runned in the house and up to Pearl's room.

I marled around, choppin' wood, and keepin the Waterloo stove filled up and the kettles boilin', not knowin' what was goin' on upstairs. Pearl was the only girl I had, and I'd a feelled pretty bad if anything 'd happened to her. Then after a nice bit, Elsie come downstairs, all aglow.

"It's all right," she sung out. "It's a lovely little girl, and everything went fine. Mother and Aunt Matilda can manage now. I'm going home for some breakfast."

"You sit right down here be the kitchen table," says I. "The kettle's boiled, and 'tis a sin t' ave all this hot water goin' t' waste. Me'n you'll have a mugup together."

Sittin' there drinkin tea and eatin' molasses loaf, she commenced to talk.

"Just before I left the hospital," she said, "we had a case like this, and one of our senior doctors was showing a junior how to deliver

it, and I remembered all his instructions just as if he was there talking to me. Sometimes you don't know what you can do until you have to. We didn't have any equipment here like we had in the hospital, but everything went right. And Pearl was wonderful," she added, "she did exactly as I told her, and didn't get frightened or upset."

"You ought to know, Elsie my maid," says I, "that, livin' in this country it don't do to get frightened or upset. You just doos your best, and trusts in the Lord."

"Yes," she nodded, "I'm beginning to see that. I had the idea that I had to get away and work in a big city if I was to amount to anything. But I've been doing a lot of thinking in the last two or three weeks, watching my mother and father — and other people. Your influence may not extend far, but everything you do amounts to something here."

"That's so," I agreed. "Here, my maid, let me heave you up another cup of tea. Your ma, now, if anything was to happen her, there'd be no one to take her place."

"That's what I mean. In Toronto, someone else is doing my work at the hospital, and doing it just as well. If I left I'd never be missed. But if I hadn't been here this morning . . ." she paused, then went on, "It's a wonderful feeling to know that you count for so much, to be important in the lives of your own folk, not just working with strangers."

She had her back to the kitchen door, and didn't see Jimmie Lang come in. He motioned to me to keep quiet, and stopped in the

doorway, and she went on.

"Sometimes I got so lonely up there. Oh, I had friends, and they were good to me, but I used to get the feeling at times that I didn't really mean anything to them. Since I came home it's been so different. Here, there is the feeling of belonging."

"You'd miss the city after a while," I said. "You'm used to it now."

"I suppose I should at times," she admitted. "Some things I'd want back, but some things I'd be glad to leave behind, the dirt, the crowds, the unmeaning bustle."

She looked through the window to the harbor, where the motor boats was just comin' in from the trap.

"Those boats coming in there. Every man is someone you know, and you are interested in how much fish is aboard each boat, because it means all the difference between a comfortable winter and distress for the people who are your friends. I think I'd like to stay in Newfoundland and work, if I knew a place where they needed a district nurse."

She started as Jimmie Lang's voice broke in.

"I know just such a place," he said, and there was a light on his face like the night he was converted, a good many years ago. "They have been trying for months to get a nurse, but none was available. It is not far from where I am stationed. You—you would like it. I'll walk back with you and tell you all about it."

They went out together, and for all they knew or cared I might have been the iron kettle on the stove.

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Distemper had killed my leader rendering my dog-team useless. I resolved to train Venus. She responded magnificently, but could she bring me home in a real blizzard? As missionary in the Strait of Belle Isle I must take a funeral. I could follow the coast, but decided instead to plunge twelve miles through the country. **Venus had never gone this way before.**

While in the cemetery a blinding blizzard struck from the North East.

"Stay all night, parson", my friends said, "You will never follow the trail in this blinding storm."

I had already made up my mind that this would be a good time to try out my young leader. I lost no time but struck back on my deeply buried trail. Usually directions are shouted to the leader and repeated until she responds. "Keep off" means turn right; "Hold in"—turn left. I resolved to speak no word to Venus during this twelve-mile drive. My trail crossed seven well-beaten wood paths leading out to hamlets on the coast, and every driver knows the lure such paths have for the leader as well as the team. Invariably they want to follow the beaten track

At last the quickened pace told me we were entering the wood path to Shoal Cove East, which follows our trail for a quarter mile. Would Venus fail me by following it on to the Coast? I myself had now lost the trail. Still no word was spoken. Suddenly, with a bound, Venus left the hard path and plunged once more into the trackless wild. Sometimes seen, sometimes not seen, she nobly fought the blizzard. The team followed obediently.

After battling on for some time there was a sudden pause. What did it mean? Only that Venus, not having heard my voice for so long, was coming back out of the blizzard to see if I were still on the komatik. She licked my face and vanished again into the swirling snows. Still no word was spoken.

Would she bring me to the parsonage door? Nothing could be seen, but the pace suddenly quickened, and finally a dash—as the parsonage emerged from the storm.

I jumped from the komatik just in time to catch my leader as she sprung right into my arms.

Venus had not failed me!

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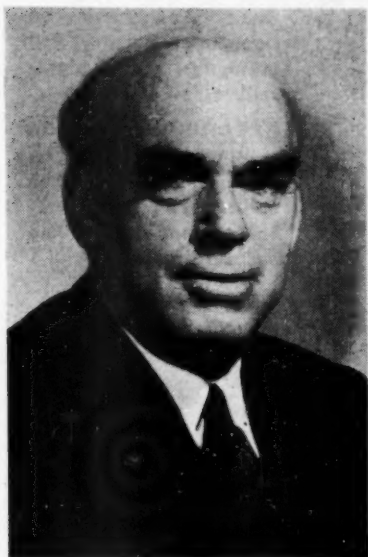
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Newfoundland-born M.P. for an Ontario Constituency, Joe Noseworthy is still an enthusiastic booster for the 10th Province.

by PHIL SHACKLETON

SINCE 1949, Newfoundland has had seven members sitting in the House of Commons in Ottawa. But as far back as 1942, there was a Newfoundland-born representative among the elected members in Parliament. And today, apart from the seven from the Island itself, Joe Noseworthy is the only MP who was born in Newfoundland.

Son of a fisherman and grandson of a fisherman, Joseph William Noseworthy was born in the village of Lewisporte in 1888. Young Joe learned the hard facts of a hard life at the hands of fishermen and would probably

The Island's "Extra" M. P.

have become a fisherman himself if Lewisporte hadn't become a lumber shipping port just before the turn of the century. At 10, he went to work in the lumber yards and his formal schooling for the next seven years was limited to the two or three month winter period when the yards were inactive.

But by 17, he had completed enough schooling to become a school teacher himself. He took schools at Glenwood and near Twillingate, the first year for a salary of \$160 a year. But even this was better than the 30c. a day at which he started working in the lumber yards.

After two years on the Island, he jumped to Labrador to continue teaching. There he travelled extensively with the late Sir Wilfred Grenfell — teaching as he went, preaching part time for the Methodist Church and visiting the mission hospitals. Noseworthy recalls that he never made a fortune in these years but he certainly came to know his way around Newfoundland and Labrador.

The young teacher came to Canada in 1910 to continue his education. He had saved enough to pay his first year's tuition at Albert College in Belleville, Ont., and by working weekends and

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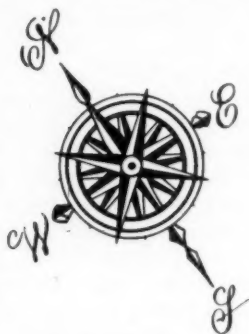
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after hours he earned enough to see him through. After two years at Albert College, he entered the University of Toronto.

Joe Noseworthy credits his Newfoundland background with seeing him through college and university. "Every Newfoundlander is a born carpenter," says Joe. "And so in Toronto I was able to get a part time job with a building contractor". But the variety of employment he handled during these years is unique. He sold books travelling through the countryside on a bicycle. He booked Chautauqua courses through Ontario for the Y.M.C.A. For one summer he worked for Frontier College, an organization which sets up classes primarily for immigrant laborers in mining and construction camps.

In 1915 he was rejected for military service but instead of carrying on at university he took a mining job in the gold mining region of northern Ontario. After the war he completed his course and followed it with a one year teacher's course at the Ontario College of Education.

Still thinking he hadn't tried a sufficient variety of jobs, he turned next to selling life insurance and at the end of a year had earned more money than in his entire teaching career to date. Despite the financial returns, the job didn't appeal to him and he turned back to teaching.

He taught English at one Toronto secondary school for seven years, then went to another there to head up the English department.

During this period he became president of the Ontario Second-

ary School Teachers' Federation and although no longer active as a teacher, has been made a life member of the organization. It was also during this period of teaching that he became seriously interested in the political and economic affairs of Canada. Because the teaching profession was discouraged from taking an active part in political life, he did not join a party but limited his activity for some years to the League for Social Reconstruction.

But in 1940, while still a teacher in Toronto, he contested the federal seat for York South in the general election. Defeated that year, he ran again in 1942 when a by-election was called in that riding. His only opponent was Arthur Meighen, who had just been made leader of the Conservative Party. Joe Noseworthy ran as a member of the C.C.F. (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation) and was conceded little chance against the veteran Meighen. But the school teacher came out on top with a good margin and the Conservative leader virtually retired from politics.

Joe was defeated in the general election of 1945 and since he had given up teaching, he became provincial organizer for the C.C.F. in Ontario. But in the next following election, in 1949, he went back to Parliament as the only C.C.F. member elected from Ontario.

Despite the variety of jobs he was handling at the time, Joe found time, in 1916, to marry Edna DeLong in Belleville. The Noseworthys now have three grown children.

From the time he first came to Canada, Joe Noseworthy has been

an advocate of confederation. While at university he and another Newfoundland student published a pamphlet boosting confederation, which had wide circulation in Newfoundland. And it was he, back in 1942, who first raised the question of confederation in the House of Commons. The government replied that it was up to Newfoundland to open the subject but that Canada would provide a very sympathetic hearing if and when. Then, during the confederation campaign he carried on extensive correspondence with Newfoundland friends, pointing out the advantages of joining Canada.

Today, Joe repeats his advice to Newfoundland which he offered during the welcome to Newfoundland members when they first appeared in Canada's Parliament. He feels that Newfoundland should guard against the fate of the other maritime provinces which have suffered severely through the centralizing of industry in Ontario and Quebec.

Although he feels that the Newfoundland members should be the first to rise in the interests of the youngest province, he takes a keen interest in matters affecting Newfoundland and can always be counted on to join any debate affecting the Island.

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My Aching Back

by RON POLLETT

"UP THE bluddy stairs, down the bluddy stairs—day in, day out . . . month after month . . . year after year . . ."

So, cross my heart, was mumbling the middle-aged stranger puffing along behind me as I goated up the fifty-nine steps from the underground railway (subway) coming home from work the other evening in New York. He was bleary-eyed, three sheets in the wind, but what he was beefing was a mouthful. It was a cold sober observation of the muck-a-day ennui smothering the wage-earner growing old and worn in the grip of the Big City.

I could understand his weariness. I've been climbing these steps for over twenty-five years now, and every year the effort gets more and more like scaling the cliffs at Pouch Cove. And to think I still have fifteen more years of such mountaineering staring me in the face before I'm ready for pasture by grace of the social security—when I can quit the subways for good if I have strength enough left to crawl out! Yet there are thousands of sensible people now taking life easy in nice level places in Newfound-

land and elsewhere who would give a right arm for the "privilege" of working in the wonder city of New York.

True, you don't know the steps are there until you reach the down-hill years, when you begin to blow up a belly from too much sitting and too much rich food and too much beer, and your lungs get clogged with grime and corroded by fumes and gases and your arteries begin to harden from lack of he-man occupation in the wide outdoors. While you're young and can bounce around like a rubber ball, everything is fine and dandy; it's afterwards, when you feel you want to lie around like a dead fish, that the stairways and work and everything else get to be tough titty for the New Yorker who must still make believe he's as good as ever.

Usually you can expect the bullet to hit as early as age fifty if you're a sedentary worker turning the grindstone every day year after year—and from then on you start paying the doctors the money you sweated to save all your life. With the best of medical skill propping you up, you will wobble along to the statistical age of sixty-seven before the undertaker can collect your insurance. Mean-

This is the first of three articles on life in New York by our own writer on the scene. Up in the Big City is where thousands of native Newfoundlanders are living out their years. The next in the series will appear in the July issue.

time, all you have to do in order to live in the city is work every day of your life—and climb these relentless stairs.

But in spite of everything, you do have a sort of interesting time of it while the gas holds out because, after all, you're living in the vaunted glamor spot of the western universe. So long as you have eyes to see and ears to hear, the whole world is at your fingertips in the Big City and it costs nothing for a good feel. And though you may be only a mountain goat of a subwayite — the worm that walks like a man, the hum-drum worker with the economic rope around his neck treading the rabbit path between his home in the outskirts and his job in Manhattan — there are times in your life when you wouldn't live anywhere else on a bet.

Can Eight Million Be Wrong ?

At least, that's what the eight million people who stick to New York seem to think, once they get settled. And nobody went out into the byways and dragged them in by the scruff of their neck in the first place. They came of their own free will to pick money off the streets. But that idea is fairly obsolete as of these days of inflated dollars and gobbling taxation when about all the plodding city man can hope to leave to posterity are the sweat band off his hat and a pimple of dirt in some lonesome big graveyard.

Anyway, in spite of what strangers say about New York being a fine place to visit but no good to live in, eight million witnesses can't all be wrong. The only thing, a twenty-dollar

grannywoman comes to three hundred dollars and more, and a ten-dollar funeral costs a thousand dollars, and all you need in between these events is plenty of money. And no one picks money off the streets because there isn't any there.

This series of three short articles about the Big City can only be a passing glance for an outsider picking out the words by lamplight in some far-off fishing cove. The first, this one, tells mainly of the subways; the second, due next month, delves into the business and play areas; and the third finishes off with an interesting peep at the New Yorker in his home sweet home.

Manhattan, mentioned above, is the part of New York where the bulk of the population clusters to work and play — the hub of the wheel, the jiggling ground for the whole shore. It is an island 12½ miles long by 2½ at its widest in the mouth of the Hudson River with the state of New Jersey on one side, Brooklyn and Long Island across the East River on the other, and the Bronx cut off by a brook in the rear. The 22 square miles of land was bought from the Indians for \$24 — which couldn't buy room for a moccasin print today.

About two million people nest permanently on Manhattan while the other six million in the 322 square miles of city run back and forth from the mainland through tunnels, over bridges, by boat, and by leaping across the brook.

Any good map of Manhattan showing the bridges and a few of the tunnels indicates how eager New Yorkers are to get out on the

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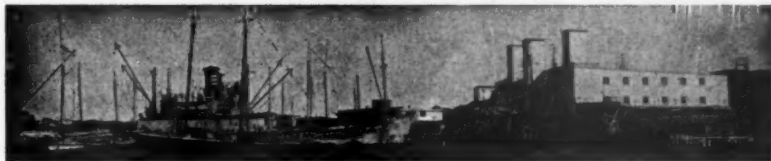
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island to work and play and how much in a hurry to get off. As for two of the several bridges, the George Washington spans three quarters of a mile of water, while the Brooklyn Bridge, over the other river and once the talk of the world, is only about half that size. The quickest way to get to Manhattan and the fastest way to get off is by train. The nicest thing about the subways, as one wag remarked recently, is that they run out of the island as well as in.

Anyhow, day after day, irrevocably as the calendar, the New York worker ducks into the railway near his door, disappears for ten hours or longer, and emerges from the same hole like a jumping jack. He dives for his living like a bullbird — and for every dollar he brings up in his bill there are a hundred hawks waiting to grab it back. But that's another story.

And like the diving bird, the wage-earner spends much of his life under the surface. I live pretty near the island (I can see the skyscrapers of Manhattan and even the minarets in the foreign land of Jersey City from my home near the harbor entrance in Brooklyn) so have to spend only a couple of hours underground daily. But some of my co-workers who own picture houses 'way out on Long Island where the green grass grows all around — those fellows suffer the rattle of wheels (surface trains) regular choo-choos, a part of the trip) as long as four hours while others, basking in the purloins of New Jersey, have to start for work three hours ahead of time.

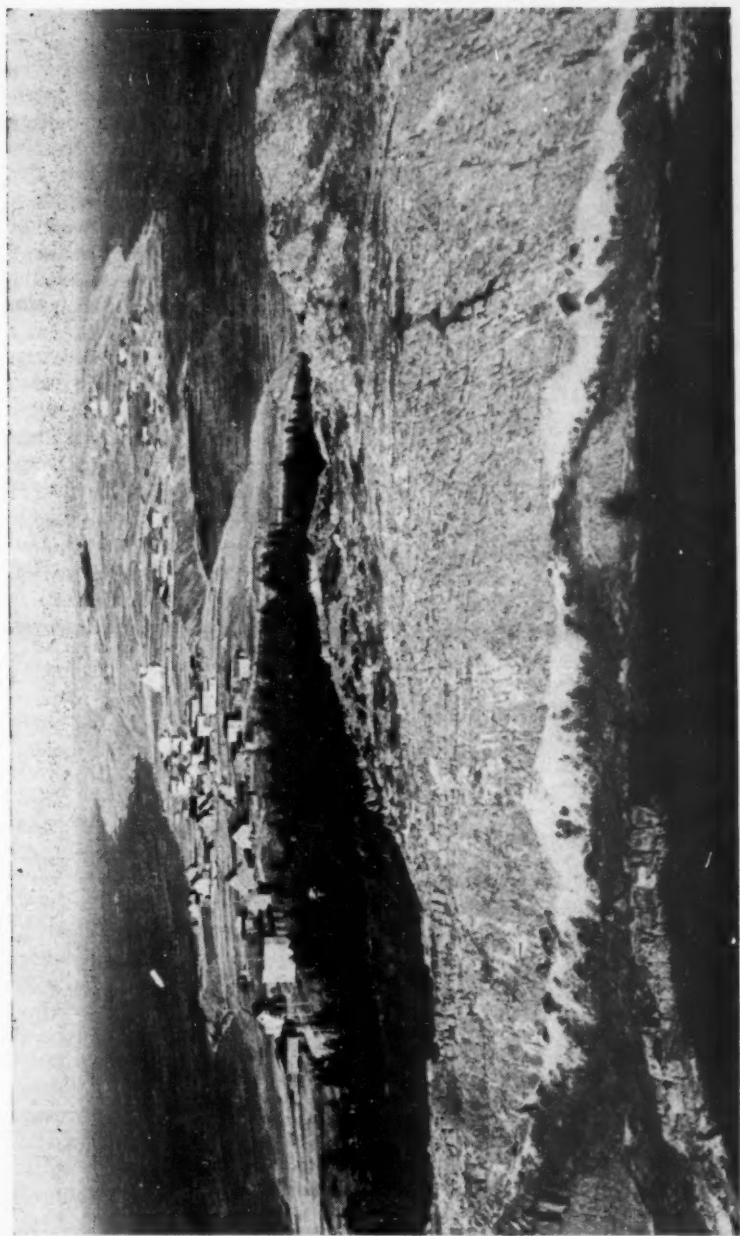
Thousands upon thousands of New Yorkers live in Harbor Grace and work in St. John's, making the trip daily the length of their working life.

For these distance commuters it's tough going getting up in the dark and arriving home in the dark and living by the lamplight. The bedroom is their only living room except on week-ends. But that's what a New Yorker will do in order to feel the country dew on his whiskers. If all the workers in Manhattan had to go home for lunch or do without, the place would be ratty with skeletons inside of a year.

The Big Squeeze

This wheeling back and forth on the subway would only be a nice rest period with your newspaper — if you could find a place to sit and room to turn the pages. But with hundreds of thousands starting and quitting work at almost the same minute, you're lucky to get a place to put your feet. The long trains running a few yards apart are stogged so tight with humanity you have to rest your elbows on the next person's shoulders if you're lanky and if you're stumpy fight for breath among the coat-tails below.

There are seats for only a third of the passengers, intended that way to leave space for stacking the rest of the carload (250 to the car) like matches in an up-ended box. In peak travel hours uniformed guards, big billygoats of fellows, at every door, which opens flush with the platform, shoulder and buck the matches into the box and slide shut the cover. No one can fall flat on his



From PORT DE GRAVE Peninsula many have gone to New York to live and work "in the big squeeze".

face in the subway rush because there is no place to fall.

The New York subway is the only place in the world where you can go safely asleep on your feet with maybe the cushiony curves of a strange, exciting, exotic, beautiful, scented female mat-tressing one side and the craggy hip bones of a repellant garlic-fumed fish peddler buttressing the other.

If you have to scratch yourself in New York better do so before boarding the crowded trains or you'll end up scratching someone else by mistake. And such a mis-take could land you in jail as a "masher". A masher is one who deliberately pinches another per-son on the wrong spot in the wrong place at the wrong moment. Cops and policewomen in plain clothes patrol the cars with an eye

peeled for rowdies and pick-pockets. And could they write a book!

Subway travel is particularly a soggy dishrag affair in the swel-tering summer despite the ceiling fans in the cars, the airplane props that keep the air alive and the dust in motion. A newspaper last year analyzed the subway air and found half a million dust particles to the cubic inch—or was it centimeter? Who cares! Not the subwayite, anyhow, who can't see the pollution down under the surface where the sunrays never penetrate. But summer or winter the subway could use some of that nice fresh air that's always going to waste down off Baccalieu.

Visitors, shoppers, night work-ers, and other off-hour passengers are the only ones who may ride into Manhattan on their fannies

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under the fans. For them it is comfortable travel on the safest railroad in the world. The engineer couldn't ram the train ahead if he tried; all signals are automatic and foolproof. Everything is electric, of course, and each car has its own motor controlled by a throttle in the lead car. The brakes don't screech, and the wheels don't squeal on the curves. There are no cows on the tracks, either, though the driver must be alert approaching a station as there are plenty of people in New York who want to leave town the hard way by jumping under the wheels.

There are 729 miles of track, 525 stations, 32 separate lines. In case you miss one train, there are 13,178 others you can take any day around the clock — you and 6,500,000 other regular passengers. But the fare is ten cents now.

Fast and Furious

The important thing about subway travel is that the trains go fast—it's called "rapid transit"—and that's what New Yorkers want even if they have to hang from the car sides by bale hooks. Everyone nurses the last few minutes of sleep and yet must get to work on time and, naturally, is in a tear to get back by nightfall. A minute of waiting is a big nervous bite out of a New Yorker's life, so he wedges into the first train that comes along.

The subway never stops, of course, though in the dead hours before dawn the headway is stretched sometimes to ten minutes. The real stir resumes around six o'clock when the factory workers, in rough clothes and

toting lunch pails, crowd into the trains for Manhattan. The next phalanx sees tradesmen, skilled hands, who dress like bankers but change clothes for the job, and these usually disdain the packaged lunch and flood the restaurants on the island in the noontime rush for chow.

Right on the heels of these, around eight o'clock, comes the really colorful group, the galaxy of shop clerks, stenographers and other office workers, mostly females. The citified girls, painted and dressed to the nines, exude an aura of cologne and scented soaps and sniff-sniff perfumes and decorate the cars with their kaleidoscopic array. (I had to look up the dictionary for that one!) Even the sophisticated picture-faces forever smirking or leering or cajoling or threatening from the advertising cards along the walls seem to tilt their eyebrows at this group. The stiff breeze from the fans bounces off the floor and frolics with the ballerina skirts where it has room to play.

Any bedbugs left in the cars by the preceding batches have by this time been blown or carried away, not being able to get a firm toe hold in the closely matted cane seats. There are no houseflies in the subways and no mosquitoes either.

And in the final push of the morning rally the bank employees and Wall Street platoons, who wear clean collars and Sunday clothes on the job and off. When they're out of the way, the subway doormen go home to gather their breath against the evening crush when the crowds start homeward. Though rain and sleet and hail

and storm slow and halt the surface traffic, the subway runs forever.

The fat executives, proprietors, and tycoons whose money bags match the bags under their tired eyes, have other means of transit than the lowly subway. They leave the crowded trains to the clock punchers.

Some of the deeper stations have moving stairs (escalators) which spew the hordes out of the caverns like ants let out of a bottle. But at the station I use, every one of the fifty-nine steps is as stationary and unyielding as Cape Bauld.

So for me, as for the drunk behind me the other day, it's up the stairs, down the stairs—day after day, month after month, year after year. I'm living in the wonder city of New York.

("In New York's 20,000 restaurants you can get practically any kind of dish known to the world—except fish and brewis," says Ron Pollett in his second installment on life in the Big City, to appear in the July issue of **Atlantic Guardian**.)



It's No Time For Salesmen to Call

by DON W. S. RYAN

JUNE is the month for thigh rubbers, oil skins, castnets, betty murpheys, pork barrels, puncheon tubs, wheel barrows, and garden shovels.

Because it's the month for caplin!

Caplin, small five to eight-inch fish, visit our eastern and northern coasts around the third week in June and stay around for two or three weeks before they depart for another season.

They strike in on the sandy beaches to spawn and when they do everybody's busy.

Uncle John is in the beach clad in his oil skins and with his two



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hundred ball castnet. And right behind him is Aunt Mary, especially if it's in the late evening and the house work is done.

As Uncle John is heaving the net Aunt Mary is pulling the tub down nearer to the water's edge, or picking up the stray caplin that drop out of the net or that flick out of the tub especially if they are not very plentiful.

Uncle John makes good hauls. A good spread of his net can imprison a half barrel of caplin at one time when they are "good and thick".

It's a nice little job to pull in a net full like this but he does it in puffing good humor aided with a few pounds of Aunt Mary's proffered energy.

And the caplin can be millions numerous.

Sometimes the whole cove is so filled with the blue and silvery fish that it becomes unnecessary to use a castnet. A dipnet, the kind of long handled implement Uncle John and other fishermen use to dip codfish out of the trap with, is all you need. Just scoop it through the water and the net comes up chock full despite its four and five-inch meshes.

The late evenings and early mornings are the busiest times for folks like Uncle John and Aunt Mary who are getting the tiny fish for their gardens.

Caplin shun the bright daylight but occasionally they stay in on the sand throughout the day. If you want to get them without very much trouble you'd better get up quite early or stay around until quite late.

The small fish are excellent organic fertilizer. Crops treated

with the caplin take on a rapid green growth.

All of Uncle John's vegetables get their share of this nutritive fertilizer, and for the first few days that the caplin are in Uncle John and Aunt Mary are toiling early and late in their gardens, trenching their potatoes which are just peeping through the ground at the time.

Uncle John also has to dry a few barrels for his dogs for next winter. He maintains it's the best dog food on the market.

Hundreds of products come from our green forests. Nothing but ruin and desolation results from a ravaging forest fire. Those fires are caused, in hundreds of cases, by a forgotten campfire, a thoughtless camper. Don't be one of the careless.

On top of all this garden work Uncle John has his salmon gear to take in and his cod trap to put out because the cod is now chasing the caplin almost to the beaches. And this is the season for big hauls.

And then there are lobster pots to attend to, a salmon trap to visit a couple of times a day, a cod trap to set and haul every morning and evening, or trawls to run out on the off-shore grounds.

It's certainly no time for a salesman to call.

June, the caplin month, with its maximum hours of daylight and so few hours of darkness, is no eight-hour day for Uncle John and his fellows of the fishing outports. It's nearer eighteen. Of all the months this is their hardest and busiest.



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This is my Homeland the land of my birth,
Where I played in my childhood and frolicked with mirth
As I roamed o'er the mountains, through forest and glen,
And listened with rapture to bluebird and wren.
This, my dear homeland surrounded by sea,
Will always and ever be Heaven to me.

The Pines and the Birches, the Spruce and the Firs,
All echo the love your kind nature bestirs,
Your islands, and coastline, the turbulent sea,
And every loved spot now familiar to me.
My dear island homeland surrounded by sea,
You'll always and ever be Heaven to me.

I long for your Summer, your Winter and Spring,
The frost and the snow of which angels may sing,
The evenings and twilights, the stars overhead
Reminding us all of the Giver of bread.
Yes, my dear homeland surrounded by sea,
You'll always and ever be Heaven to me.

The life with its freedom I always enjoyed,
The days of my childhood I cherish with pride,
The wide open spaces reflecting the scenes
Which God in his Wisdom fulfilled in my dreams.
Yes, this my dear homeland surrounded by sea,
Will always and ever be Heaven to me.

Your mantle of snow and your ice covered lakes,
Your kindhearted people with friendly handshakes,
All mirror your beauty, my joys through the years,
And temper your greatness with pride through your tears.
Yes, dear island homeland surrounded by sea,
You'll always and ever be Heaven to me.

—E. J. JOHNSTON,
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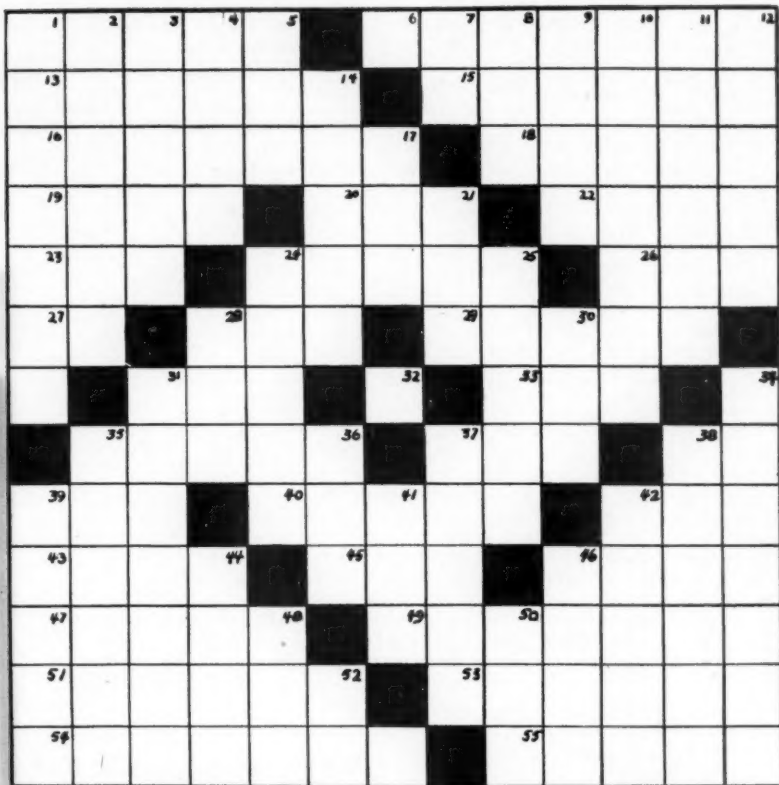
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NEWFOUNDLAND CROSSWORD

by TOM OSBORNE

ANSWER ON PAGE 23



CLUES ACROSS

1. Premier Smallwood came from here.
6. This town was a joke before they gave it a more gallant name
13. Oaknuts
15. Shakespearian purse
16. Connected
18. Clean sweeper (This is a new one)
19. Little Nathaniel's
20. Have a heart, Peach
22. One good turn . . .
23. Immoderate Champagne Sippers (abbr.)
24. Some say this is good for what ails you
26. Avalonians Learn Nothing (abbr.)
27. Compass point
28. My Sun, my Sun!
29. Smokehouses
31. What a lot of people say it's in
32. Last article
33. The view from St. Pierre
35. Regions where the cold is common
37. Where they found Daniel Iyin'
38. Island Province (abbr.)
39. Isn't little Arthur cunning?
40. Four days after eternity
42. What Brooklyn wants from Alberta
43. Crows
45. Young girl, all broken out in a rash (abbr.)

46. No. of lbs. in an old-fashioned quintal
47. Political meetings of the early thirties
49. What Newfoundland farmland needs
51. Pressure line (It alters the appearance of your map)
53. Roof like a basket
54. Takes off
55. What the Russians get and do about peace plans

CLUES DOWN

1. Decorative fishing settlement
2. A winning hand
3. Provide pillow material
4. They help keep the girls in shape
5. Capital Province (abbr.)
7. To
8. Labrador Railway Boom (abbr.)
9. Hearers
10. Cut off
11. G-g-g-grave r-r-robbers
12. Cupid's old man
14. It's welcome with the flowers in May
17. Malicious remark
21. Neck
24. Modern skin boat
25. Humber, Lapoile, . . . I could go on forever
28. Little Sarah
30. On the shady side
31. The Dean of summer shipping ports
32. Same as 32 Across
34. Trinity Bay heart condition
35. Among other things—a lot of other things—the Premier is in for it
36. Eric (One of the roving kind)
37. Red menace
38. Former title of Duke of Windsor
39. Irritating
41. Old-timer
42. Not where we came in
44. Bust gone bust
46. Thunderous noise
48. French tea container
50. Labrador Hinders Unemployment (abbr.)
52. Might (abbr.)

Lumber goes up as forests burn down.



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Man of the Month

Insurance Man Of Many Parts

EARLY in this new year a strenuous legal battle, which had been going on between Newfoundland and the Canadian National Railways almost since the date of Confederation, came to an end. For Newfoundland it was a successful conclusion, with the Board of Transport Commissioners sustaining all but one of Newfoundland's claims for preferential freight rates treatment. This claim had arisen shortly after Union, when the new Province alleged that the C.N.R. was misinterpreting the Terms of Union.

One of the Newfoundlanders who formed the team that won this victory is Arthur Johnson, Vice-President and Chairman of the Transportation Committee of Associated Newfoundland Industries, Vice-Chairman of the Maritime Transportation Commission, and Councillor and Member of the Transportation Committee of the Newfoundland Board of Trade. In connection with the recent freight rates case he was the author and co-author of a number of briefs, and took a leading part in securing the decisions of the Board of Transport Commissioners and Royal Commission on Transportation which were so completely in favor of Newfoundland.

That is Arthur Johnson's most recent claim to island-wide fame. For a good many years now he



Arthur Johnson's insurance firm this year marks its 80th birthday, but its present head is equally well-known for his energetic efforts in promoting sports and community activities.

has been known in business life by the apt slogan "The Insurance Man". His name, however, has become a household word, by reason of many other less profitable and less publicized efforts covering almost every phase of community life and activity.

As this issue goes to press he is bringing to a successful conclusion another in a laudable series of Public Speaking Contests, sponsored by the St. John's Rotary Club, and featuring the students of the city schools and colleges. This activity comes within the purview of Rotary's very active Youth Service Committee of which Arthur Johnson was Chairman for a number of years and member since 1929.



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cellence.



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and Company Ltd.
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Established in 1780

Of medium height and build, with a twinkle in his eye, the dynamic Arthur Johnson was born on June 19th, 1900, in St. John's, the son of the late Percie and Mabel F. Johnson. He was educated at Bishop Feild College and McGill University, graduating in 1921 with the Degree of Bachelor of Commerce which admirably fitted him for the various business enterprises with which he has been connected.

The name of Arthur Johnson is synonymous with sport in Newfoundland and in 1920 he had laid the foundation for that tradition by becoming a devotee of the "manly art of self-defence", as McGill Bantam Boxing Champion, and runner-up in Inter-collegiate Finals.

Some years before that he had become interested in Boys' Work, and in 1918 was one of the Charter Workers who formed the McGill Newsboys' Club. This was actually a carry-over or rather an extension of his early training in the Church Lads Brigade in St. John's, in which ranks he rose from private to sergeant in 1911-1918. On his return to Newfoundland he resumed his C.L.B. connection and was instructor in boxing from 1921 to 1925.

In the business sphere he entered the General Insurance firm operated by his father which is now in its 80th year as an established concern, and with a third generation of Johnsons, Arthur Johnson's two sons, Evan and Paul, following in their father's and grandfather's tradition. But it wasn't long before Arthur Johnson's tradition of sport creat-

ed other demands on his time and ability, and in 1929 he became Manager of "The Arena", the Old Prince's Rink, a Mecca for Newfoundland sportsmen, and a treasure-house of sporting memories. He was Manager until the Arena was destroyed by fire in the fall of 1941, a disaster which dealt sport, especially hockey, a blow from which it has not yet recovered.

A youthful interest in Water Polo may have directed Arthur Johnson's thoughts to boating and yachting, so that we find him from 1940 to 1942 Secretary of the Avalon Yacht Club at Manuels, Conception Bay, and Manager of the popular Avalon Dance Club. It was the old maxim stressed all over again: "Give a busy man something to do." Arthur Johnson was always ready to take on a new assignment.

When that assignment had to do with sporting activities he was all the more keen. Hence we find him in these intervening years, while following his regular profession of Insurance Man and sporting impresario, filling many onerous positions on Athletic Committees and Commissions. He has been successively the Secretary of the St. John's Amateur Athletic Association, of the Newfoundland Amateur Athletic Union, of the Newfoundland and Amateur Hockey Association, and of the Newfoundland Boxing Commission. In 1930 he was Manager of the Newfoundland team which in spite of severe handicaps made a good showing for Newfoundland at the British Empire Games in Hamilton, Ontario.

At the time his business connec-

tions with the Arena and the Avalon Yacht Club were severed, his organizing and administrative skill were channelled into a new direction when he became Manager of Beverage Sales Ltd. In the past ten years with this concern he has been responsible for a unique carload and distinct distributorship of well-known soft drinks and beer throughout the whole of Newfoundland.

Some five years ago the Columbia Community Concerts Association extended its facilities and advantages to music-lovers in Newfoundland, and the success of this undertaking has exceeded the expectations of its founders. Beginning with a branch in St. John's, the Association has spread its activities to several other communities, a source of considerable satisfaction to its founders. One

of these founders is Arthur Johnson, and for three years he was Secretary of the local Association. During the past two years he has been the Campaign Chairman for the St. John's Community Concert Association.

Breezy, amiable and always a hustler, Arthur Johnson has brought a welcome enthusiasm to every undertaking in which he has been invited to participate, or that he has sponsored out of his sense of public service and enterprise.

Now in his 51st year he takes his recreational delights in yachting, fishing and shooting, recreations that do not indicate a passion for the sedentary life. For Arthur Johnson, life is to be 'up and doing', and whether it's sport, business or community service, he gives it the best that's in him, with enthusiasm and a smile.

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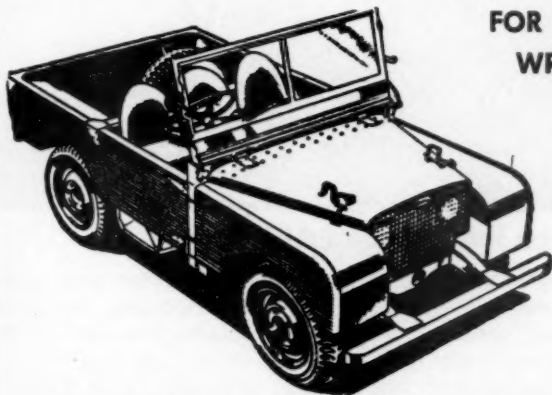
McConnell and Wilson Memorial Scholarships

Six entrance Scholarships covering tuition fees, Board and Residence (approximate value \$850.) will be offered this summer.

These Scholarships are open on equal terms to boys and girls of all schools in Canada.

They are renewable annually until the holders graduate. Application forms and full particulars of these and other entrance Scholarships may be obtained from The Registrar, McGill University, Montreal.

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A NEWFOUNDLAND GREETING

WINSTON CHURCHILL had an unforgettable greeting from a Newfoundland dog in Botwood when he landed there one early summer morning during the late years of World War II.

Britain's wartime Prime Minister was making a visit to America by flying boat and Botwood was then the fuelling station for trans-Atlantic crossings.

It is officially related that when the plane carrying Britain's war leader was propelling to its landing, the black head of a burly Newfoundland dog was periscop-

ing in the water just off the landing.

No sooner had the Prime Minister stepped out of his plane than the dog had dragged himself out of the water and sauntered up to where Mr. Churchill was standing. Then with an energetic wag of his whole body he shook himself and splashed Mr. Churchill from head to toe.

The report stated that Mr. Churchill's face beamed with "immense delight".

—D. W. S. RYAN.



FOREST FIRE DEVASTATES COMMUNITY

This Forest Fire at Glovertown, Bonavista Bay, burnt forty-eight occupied dwellings housing fifty families, three unoccupied dwellings, twenty miscellaneous buildings, the largest business premises in the settlement, a school and a saw mill.

The property destroyed in this fire was estimated to be worth a quarter of a million dollars.

The Newfoundland Forest Protection Association asks the people of Newfoundland to please be extra careful with fire this summer.

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